



Outbreak



👁 10 ✓ 4 ★ 5

Chapter 1 by Gaurav S

A car screeching to a halt outside your house at 2:00 a.m. is never a welcome sound.

Chapter 2 by Gounaitory



I immediately start to walk silently to the window and try to move curtain slowly to look through the window...

The district I live in is not so safe place for living. Last week a guy in the next neighborhood was jumped in by some local punks. They say he got very serious injuries.

So I moved slowly to the window and saw a car parking near my yard. Some big guy came out of the car and moved to my postbox. He started to look inside of it like he was looking for something.

"HEY YOU!", I couldn't stop myself and shouted very loudly "GET YOUR @SS OUT OF MY POSTBOX OR I AM CALLING THE COPS!" and I started to wave him with my phone in order to scare him maybe he would stop.

But instead it made things more complicated...

Chapter 3 by Gounaitory



That guy was very big and tall. He looked up and saw me little waving with phone. He run away to my doorway and started to shrug the door handle, but I didnt saw all of it-- I could only hear what he was doing there. I started to feel creepy and run downstairs and saw a big shadow in

the door window. But he couldnt see me because the door window was shuttered with curtain.

He didnt "played" much with the handle and started to beat the glass. That was the most horrible moments in my life. I started to feel creepy and run downstairs and saw a big shadow in the door window. But he couldnt see me because the door window was shuttered with curtain.

Chapter 4 by lucellkat



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In the cellar I waited. There was nothing for me there. Nowhere to hide, nothing to protect myself with. All I could see was the old crucifix hung from a small chain that had once belonged to my grandmother. As I heard the glass shatter upstairs and the door open, I took the necklace from the nail in the wall and began to pray. As I heard the man's feet on the cellar stairs, I sank to my knees against the far wall and began to mutter every prayer I remembered as a child. The man stood now at the foot of the steps, and without a pause began to approach. My heart seemed to be banging at my chest, my throat screamed silently. The man stepped into the space before me, blocking what light shone from the floor above. He began to reach for me, but suddenly froze when he saw what I held. His face seemed to shrink like a balloon deflated, his legs grew stiff, and his body drew back. Suddenly, his mouth contorted into a hiss, and I saw a set of two ivory fangs descending from his upper jaw.

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